

Gleaner

UP, UP AND AWAY



EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
Beaver Girls

GUIDE TO WINES

THE BRAIN DRAIN

*Are We Losing Our
Future Leaders* —————

April 1968
Delaware Valley College

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**THE GLEANER**

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EDITORIAL

THE BRAIN DRAIN

I am proud to announce that General Louis Hershey, outstanding exponent of militarism who heads the notorious and most feared organization in Washington known as the Selective Service System, has been named as recipient of the Gleaner's first annual "Big Blunder Award" for 1968. The General has been sent a picture of a pregnant prostitute driving an Edsel with a Nixon-Lodge sticker on the bumper. Congratulations, General, on another bigger and better blunder.

The blunder I am referring to of course, is the announcement from the Administration that graduate students will no longer be deferred unless they are attending medical, dental, veterinary, or osteopathy school. The immediate ramifications of this absurd idea may not be immediately obvious but let me make just a few projections of the problem at hand. The recent ruling has made all college graduates who are not continuing their studies in the above selected fields eligible for immediate induction into the military. Tapping this seemingly vast source of manpower appears at first, and to the delight of General Hershey, a method of supplying enough men for the increased draft calls which have resulted from our military commitment in Southeast Asia. Assuming the war there continues for another six months, and all indications at present point to this as a minimum, approximately 150,000 more men will be drafted with the majority of this number being made up of college graduates.

The first to feel the burden of this will be the nation's graduate schools. In the past decade the launching of the Sputnik I has put us into a heated race with Soviet Russia in output of scientific and engineering personnel. The race to the moon has honed our educational system, especially on the graduate level, into the best in the world. Institutions have invested millions and millions of dollars into expanded facilities as well as increases in high caliber faculties. The machinery of higher education has developed into a complex and highly systematized organism feeding on bright young college men, turning them into scientists, engineers, and scholars for which I understand there is a critical need. This machinery which has taken so long to develop and finance will come to a grinding halt for the simple lack of qualified students. If graduate schools want to continue to function they will have to turn to students who lack the qualifications

on a normally competitive basis and to women and foreign students. Graduate schools do not want to do this, but if they are faced with the possibility of having to close down their facilities for want of good students they will turn to the unqualified, the women and the foreigners. It seems from this then that the United States will create a tremendous gap in the number of qualified scientists and engineers, since these are trained primarily on the graduate level. This gap will cost the United States the space race as well as the intellectual race. Some scholars have estimated that this gap may require as much as twenty years to fill if the current need for this type of personnel is a good indication of our future need. The United States at this critical point in history cannot make this mistake without sacrificing all that we have worked for up until this time. It is up to us as conscientious students to protest this madness which has manifested itself into a hideous monstrosity of bureaucratic feeble-mindedness. Does not the Administration have the ability to foresee these disastrous events? Obviously it can, but the ugly drama which has unfolded in Vietnam has cast its venomous shadow across the current administration producing this last ditch lunacy to save face, a face which already bleeds with the lives of 17,000 dead Americans, thousands of maimed and wounded and the bruises of world dissent.

It appears to me that the ineptness of our hero from the great state of Texas in both international and national affairs is also responsible for the saturation of foreign swamplands with good American blood. The United States cannot survive both the loss of men and brains in this disastrous course we have been forced to pursue. We may not have any young scientists or engineers in a few years, but we will have the smartest damn army in the world. Congratulations again General Hershey!

TO GENNY

by H. Karl Zimmerman

That she may see beauty in the ugliness of life.

I

He surveyed the abandonedness
Surrounding him, and despised it;
He looked within, finding only
Black desolateness, and loved it.
He hoped not to die too soon, so
Will within Life unlimited.

II

Two hearts, tacked to the wall,
Touching, scarlet drops on
White, while outside, bodies
Two lie in the clover
White on the green, touching.

III

The time is now to go,
The play is done. Actors
Scurry behind the black
Curtains, and brightness rules
Again. Everyone
Departs.
See the empty stage
Darkened, waiting for the
Next fairy performance.
The time is now to go.

IV

When truth seems to be
Lies, life within me
Dies, Companion, then,
You must take me in,
Give me wine, meaning
To be and touch me.

No Reason to Cry

Bud Hofstetter

If the world were mine to give,
If my life was mine to live,
If I could fly like birds on high,
I'd have no reason to cry.

If I could have all wealth and fame,
If mine were a house-hold name,
If I could live and never die,
I'd have no reason to cry.

If I could sit in darkness and still
see light,
If I could work with all my might,
If I could really understand why,
I'd have no reason to cry.

Up, Up, and Away



Are you looking for something just a little different in the way of fun and excitement? Well may I suggest flying. Recently there has been a tremendous increase in the number of private pilots licensed annually. The reasons for this are quite obvious. Flying is fun, and offers sufficient challenge to stimulate interest, as well as being practical. Yes practical. Sooner or later you will get a job or go into some business which may require your presence in different parts of the state or possibly country. Flying is the key to such problems of executive mobility. Of course flying is also for pleasure. Just think, you could fly yourself and family or friends to your next vacation spot without having to worry about scheduled airlines. You are the captain of your own ship and independent to do as you choose. If you are still interested here is a brief run down of the process involved in becoming a licensed private pilot, as related to us by Bill Scott, manager of Central Bucks Aero.

First the student is given dual instructions in the basics of flying until the student is able to solo, which is in about 8-12 hours. Then the student is permitted about 3 hours of solo flying in the local area. The student's next step is dual cross-country instruction which teaches him how to get to different places by the use of visual and instrumental navigation. After this phase of instruction is complete the student is free to fly cross-country solo. Anytime during this period he is also free to take the written test. After the student has accumulated a mini-

mum of 40 hours flying time he is ready to take his flight test. It's really not hard. If you have a working knowledge of flying and can safely control your plane you pass with flying colors.

One of the thorniest problems of this whole business is the cost. Let's face it, the cost of an instructor and airplane are not cheap. At Central Bucks Aero a modern fully equipped trainer rents for \$20.50 per hour with instructor and \$15.50 without. Of course prices vary from place to place but these prices are about the maximum here in Doylestown. Here are just a few ways you could beat the high cost of flying. First you

could purchase an aircraft with one or two partners each sharing equally in the expenses of purchasing and maintaining the aircraft. For example, you could buy an Aeronca Champ for say \$1500.00, add say about \$125.00 for insurance and about \$300.00 storage and maintenance which brings us to a grand total of \$1925.00 or about \$642.00 per partner for the first year. All you have to add is the cost of the gas you use at about 4-5 gallons per hour. An alternate method is to join a flying club. This is usually done by buying a share in a club for about \$200.00 to \$1000.00, depending on the size of the club and the number of aircraft they have. Then you simply





pay monthly dues which entitle you to fly the club's planes at low, low rates.

Just a note on safety. According to a recent survey flying is about 7 times safer than driving a car, so there isn't really that much to worry about. There is really nothing else like flying. The tremendous thrill of your first solo flight. The feeling of accomplishment when the radio in your plane crackles "65 Whiskey, you are clear for take off on runway 32."

Left: Panel of light aircraft in action. Airspeed, altimeter, compass are shown.

Top left: A preflight check of aircraft is essential for safety. Oil level and exterior of plane are most important.

Top right: Another important part of preflight procedure is course plotting.

Right: The greatest thrill for a pilot is winging off into new adventures.



Gleaner College of the Month

BEAVER COLLEGE

Beaver College is a four-year liberal arts college for women, granting Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Fine Arts degrees. This institution, founded in Beaver, Pennsylvania in 1853, moved to Jenkintown, Pennsylvania in 1925. Since the history of Beaver can be found in an appropriate reference text* for those who are interested, we shall eliminate any further delineation on the matter and turn our attention to a more interesting and far more esthetically pleasing aspect of Beaver, its students.

Yes gentlemen, in Glenside, Pa., a mere stone's throw from D.V.C., lies the "Citadel of Learning" for those who are fortunate and affluent enough to be there. On a recent Thursday afternoon the Editor traveled to this well known "promised land" of academic endeavor to talk to some of its students in a effort to gain a better insight into the often misunderstood image of a Beaver girl. In various interviews it was learned that Beaver is home to girls from all over the country for nine months of the year. In general one could summarize their attitudes as follows; they like well tailored young men with hair of appropriate length, foreign cars and dislike fraternity men and fraternity parties. The Editor was also surprised to learn that a number of students dislike Beaver, are planning to transfer and say that Beaver is only a facade for the socialites. The Editor was not surprised, however, to learn about the number of girls who had never heard of D.V.C. and who know nothing about it. All in all, if you are girl-hunting, Beaver is a fairly well stocked preserve of woodland beauties.

Beaver offers good hunting provided the hunter is equipped with such things as a car of recent vintage, wardrobe as modeled in *Playboy* and a roll of bills that might make at least a slight bulge in your stay-pressed ivy league trousers. Beaver is definitely big league so, if your suit is wrinkled and your checking account is overdrawn, forget it. But if you feel inclined to make the big scene and can get around the Philadelphia area without the use of a road map, Beaver is definitely big game country. The girls are mostly main-liners by heritage, and those who aren't expect equal treatment anyway. Don't be

surprised if somewhere on your date's family tree branches have names like Drexel, Strawbridge, and Merriweather. Of course, as can be expected in such a place, some of the girls feel a bit above the ordinary, so if your date's nose seems at all times to be at a rather unusual angle of elevation above the horizon don't immediately ascribe the situation to your careless use of deodorant, but rather to an inherited kink in the necks of all blue-blooded main-liners. After all, they are still girls and offer the would-be Casanova an exciting opportunity to try his talent and line on a girl with an I.Q. possibly higher than his own. Don't become discouraged though; the female of the species has been known to absorb a lot if she thinks you are sincere.

It is impossible to say how the average Beaver girl feels about sex, since the Editor was not permitted to make use of any experimental data, but if Kinsey says that 50% of all college girls are not virgins I won't argue. Just a note on hunting season: it extends from September to June between the hours of 7 A.M. and 12 P.M., and there is no limit on the bag.



*Lovejoy's Guide To Colleges

Middle: From this pictorial evidence it is quite obvious that Beaver girls are definitely not tea-tottlers.

Right: Beautiful wooded campus is just crawling with girls.

IF ONLY THE WALLS WOULD CRUMBLE

Mark Silverman

It was 4:00 A.M., the "Late Late Show" had just ended and I was waiting for the "Late Late News" to come on, which would be followed by "Thought for Today." Finally it happened, the "Star Spangled Banner" was played and the TV screen became an illuminated grey fuzz. There was no alternative now, I had to leave the world of illusion and return to reality. Reality is sometimes hard to face. In the next six hours there were many things to be thought about and many questions to answer. My greatest fear was that many of the questions had been answered before the evidence had been weighed.

I went back to my room, turned on the radio and jumped into bed. The music traveled through the air with an endless beat. My eyes were suddenly infected with the four surrounding walls. It was an uneasy situation, were the walls beige or were they a pale green? It was impossible to tell. There were many horizontal and vertical lines running through the wall, all of uniform distance, size and shape. It was endless. It was a cinder block wall and it was impossible to distinguish one block from any other. The repetitious uniformity of the blocks reminded me of plastic toy soldiers, all cast from one mold, all with one personality. At this point my eyes were drawn from the massive walls down to a small corner of the floor. My eyes were relieved. I saw an assortment of objects clustered in no regular patterns. There were shapes of innumerable description, rectangular, oval, octagon, square, and thousands of free form shapes. For as many shapes as there were, there were twice as many colors, red, orange, green, blue, brown, and all shades imaginable. Sizes were also varied, the contrast was amazing. The

walls, so high and massive, came into focus again. They once more infected my eyes. They forced me to realize that my fabulous cluster of shapes, colors, and sizes was merely a heap of trash and dirt! The walls would not leave me alone. I shut my eyes and in a flash I was transported into the world of dreams.

I woke abruptly. My eyes sped toward the clock. Two hours were left. My mind began to calculate, what was I going to say, what was going to happen? Suddenly it all became crystal clear, there was nothing for me to calculate, I realized that it was all so one sided. Where had my mind been, I was living in a world of illusion trying to hide the truth. The truth was evident and plain and constantly surrounded me. Why did I refuse to see it until now? Perhaps I had been dreaming of something better, but now I had to admit that my dreams had just been illusions

of far off fantasies. I now realized what I would say, I would say nothing, my words would be meaningless to ears that refused to hear. One hour left. In one hour I would be sent before the cinder block building of judges.

The hour was here. I walked over to the cinder block building, it was easy to find, it stuck out like a sore thumb among the grass and trees and all of God's natural things. The uniform decision of the judges was told to me, it came as no surprise. The judges knew nothing else than to conform, they knew nothing else than to comply, they could not get involved without breaking the rhythm of their system. The cinder block walls of the building began to close in on me. I had a desire to leave, I looked for the door but I could not find it through the masses of cinderblock walls. The walls kept coming. The walls crushed me.

THE FORGOTTEN AMERICA

Ross Dedehind

Who is the Forgotten American? Ironically, he is the only true American we have today. The Forgotten American is the American Indian and thus is involved in one of the most shameful episodes in our country's history.

Scientists claim that the Indian's ancestors crossed from Siberia to Alaska via a natural land bridge perhaps 25,000 years ago and spread to all parts of our present United States. These people, for the most part, made their living by agriculture until the Spanish introduced the horse to the Plains Indian about 400 years ago. In a very short time the Indian had become an expert horseman. It was at this time that the first white settlers arrived in America. Soon, the Indian was pushed westward by the expanding colonies along the East coast, and by 1850 the great era of white westward movement began. Not only was the Indian's land being taken from him, but his main source of food, the bison, was being slaughtered by the thousands. The plains were littered by rotting carcasses of bison shot by men for the sport of the kill. The Indian didn't realize it, but his days of freedom were drawing to a close. On June 25, 1876 the Indian enjoyed his last moment of glory. On that fateful day Sioux and Cheyenne warriors, embittered by white encroachment on their sacred, treaty-protected hunting grounds in the Black Hills of Dakota, lashed out and annihilated a calvary column led by famed Indian fighter General George Custer at the Little Big Horn. The event rocked the nation. General Phil Sheridan, sent west to eliminate the Indian problem once and for all, perhaps voiced the feeling of the country when he said "a good Indian is a dead Indian."

(Continued on page 10, col. 1)

SUMMER STORM

H. Karl Zimmerman

All day, the sun
Has hidden behind
A maiden's veil,
The sky, spotted with
blue, black and gray.
Rain.

Aggie: Only a mother could love a
face like yours.
She: But I am very rich.
Aggie: Congratulate me, I have just
become a mother.

Taken from a test paper in English
Literature: "A morality play is one
in which the characters are goblins,
ghosts, virgins and other supernatural
characters."

A GUIDE TO VINTAGE WINES

The problem of selecting a good before and after dinner wine often puzzles even the most continental of hosts. The type of meal being served, the vintage and the kind of wine to be served must all be taken into consideration when making a selection. In general this problem is multiplied tenfold when one is called upon to select a wine while on a dinner date. The novice connoisseur of wines at this point may become overwhelmed by the wine lists which include such imported delicacies as Chateau D'Yquem and may make the embarrassing mistake of futilely searching for some familiar American label such as Thunderbird.

It really doesn't require a delicate palette to be able to make a wise wine selection if the would-be wine taster remembers a few basic rules which should guide his selection. Wines are classified by color, being red or white and by taste, dry or sweet.

A dry wine is the natural product of the grape and its characteristic taste is due to the absence of sugar. A sweet wine is made by the addition of sugar to increase any natural sweetness that is present. Red wines are usually served at room temperature with meat dishes where the dryness and bouquet are most appreciated. White wines are served chilled and with fish as well as various game birds. It is important to remember, though, that the individual palette is the best guide to the type of wine you prefer with your dinner. Imported wines generally form the majority of a well stocked wine cellar, but never overlook the possibility of trying an American wine which you may find comparable in flavor. The wine name of an imported vintage serves in indicating what type of wine it is as well as from what region of a country it comes. For example Beaujolais is a red dry Burgundy, Burgundy being the region in France which produces

this wine. The Chart included indicates the wine name, the correct pronunciation, the origin of the wine, its color and taste. If one becomes familiar with a few of these more popular wines as well as their correct pronunciation he will find himself in an advantageous position when called upon to select a wine.

The next most important factor governing the quality of a wine is the vintage. The vintage is the year the grapes were grown. This is important since each year is different for grapes. One year may be dry, yielding small grapes with a low sugar content, while one may be wet yielding sweet grapes. There are thousands of variations between these two extremes. The second chart included gives the year of the vintage, the type of wine and the current opinion of the quality of that wine. The knowledge of names and an idea of the better vintage years can make you a wine taster extraordinaire.

Wine Name	Pronunciation	Origin
Bardolino	Bar-doe-lean'-oh	Verona, Italy
Beaujolais	Bo'-zho-lay	Burgundy, Fr.
Bernkasteler	Burn'-kahst-ler	Moselle, Gr.
Bordeaux Blanc	Bor-doh' Blahn	Bordeaux, Fr.
Bordeaux Rouge	Bor-doh' Rooj	Bordeaux, Fr.
Chablis	Shah'-blee	Burgundy, Fr.
Chambertin	Sham'-ber-tan	Burgundy, Fr.
Chateau D'Yquem	Sha-toe Deek-em	Bordeaux, Fr.
Chateauf-neuf-Du-Pape	Sha-toe-nuf-du-pop	Rhone, Fr.
Chianti	Kee'-ahn-tee	Tuscany, Italy
Graves	Grahv	Bordeaux, Fr.
Grignolino	Green-yo-lean-oh	Piedmont, It.
Liebfraumilch	Leeb-Frau'-Milsh	Rhine, Gr.
Meursault	Mur'-so	Burgundy, Fr.
Montrachet	Mawn'-tra-shay	Burgundy, Fr.
Moselblumchen	Mozel-bluem-shen	Moselle, Gr.
Niersteiner	Neer'-shty-ner	Rhine, Gr.
Piesporter	Pees'-porter	Moselle, Gr.
Pommard	Pom'-ar	Burgundy, Fr.
Pouilly Fuisse	Roo-ye Fwee-say	Burgundy, Fr.
Riesling	Rees'-ling	Rhine, Gr.
Rioja	Ree-oh'-ha	Spain
Rose	Ro-zay	France
Sauternes	So-turn	Bordeaux, Fr.
Soave	So-ah-vay	Veneto, Italy
Traminer	Trameen'-er	Alsace, Fr.
Valpolicella	Vahl-pol-ee-chel-la	Veneto, It.
Vouvray	Voov-ray	Rouraine, Fr.

MARCH

Jean Paul

A kite flies high, the wind blows strong.
 Yet soon we hope, we'll hear bird's song.
 Some grass shows green, ice melts away,
 Yet snows shall come next Winter's day.
 Oh Leo's roar, is strongly heard.
 This Spring's new wish has just occurred.
 Our restful minds, show Winter's peace,
 Now fear of storm and snow are least.

APRIL

Jean Paul

The blooming lilacs fill the air.
 No more I'll set the trap or snare.
 The wind blows strong, to threaten storm.
 But show no fear, the wind is warm.
 The loom of life keeps weaving on
 So now appear young bird and fawn.
 All nature grooms herself for Spring.
 Is not life's cycle, a funny thing?

"What was the hardest thing you learned at college?" asked the proud father.
 "How to open beer bottles with a quarter," said the son.

The stranger ambled into the farm yard and was greeted by the farmer. The visitor produced his card and remarked: "I'm a government inspector and am entitled to inspect your farm." Half an hour later, the farmer heard screams from his alfalfa patch, where the inspector was being chased by a bull. Leaning over the gate as the inspector made his third lap around the field, the farmer shouted, "Show him your card, mister, show him your card!"

Year	Champagns	Bordeaux Red	Bordeaux White	Burgundy Red	Burgundy White	Rhone	Rhine & Moselle
1958	Good	Good	Fair	Fair	Great	V. Good	V. Good
1959	V. Good	V. Great	V. Good	V. Good	V. Good	Good	V. Great
1960	Fair	Fair	Fair	Poor	V. Good	V. Good	Poor
1961	Great	V. Great	Great	V. Great	V. Great	Great	V. Good
1962	Great	Great	V. Great	Great	V. Great	Great	V. Good
1963	Fair	Fair	Fair	Fair	Good	Fair	Good
1964	Great	Great	V. Good	V. Great	Great	V. Good	Great
1965	Fair	Fair	Fair	Fair	Fair	V. Good	Fair
1966	V. Good	Great	Great	V. Good	V. Good	V. Good	Great

Color	Taste
Red	Dry
Red	Dry
White	Dry
White	Med. Dry
Red	Dry
White	Dry
Red	Dry
White	Sweet
Red	Dry
Red & White	Dry
White	Med. Dry
Red	Dry
White	Dry
White	Dry
White	Dry
White	Dry
White	Dry
White	Dry
Red	Dry
White	Dry
White	Dry
Red	Dry
Pink	Dry
White	Sweet
White	Dry
White	Dry
Red	Dry
White	Med. Dry

Preacher: Modern dancing is mere hugging by music. What shall we do to reform it?
 Half-asleep Aggie on back seat: Cut out the music.

A tall Texan entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old son. He ordered two straight whiskies.
 "Hey Paw," yelled the kid, "ain't Maw drinkin'."

YOU

H. Karl Zimmerman

Your face in the morning,
 Sunlight through the dawn clouds.

The Best at it's Best

ED'S DINER

Dinners - Snacks
 Homemade Pies

Franklin and State Streets
 Doylestown, Pa.

Gardy's

The College Supply Store
 Books
 Stationery
 Greeting Cards

MAIN AND STATE STS.
 DOYLESTOWN, PA.

Short Story Review

William Faulkner's **THE BEAR**

by Robert Slate

The initial conclusion which is drawn from Faulkner's "The Bear" is that it essentially suggests two separate stories, both intrinsically independent. However, upon further examination of the concepts pertaining to the wilderness and the overall Negro situation, it can be concluded that these two ideas can actually be merged into a single and unified idea. This idea which is presented suggests that man should revert to the primitive in order to solve or at least to escape the complexities of civilization.

In relation to the wilderness idea which is pervaded with thoughts of not only innocence and love but also the desire to pursue and kill, the characters of Ike McCaslin and the bear essentially seem to be natural enemies. However, as the boy matures, the bear actually becomes a symbol of very quality he desires to possess.

The most significant section in the story dwells not only upon the death of the bear but also upon the death of the old Indian. Previous to this, the old Indian realized that the wilderness faced inevitable destruction. And so, as a Priest conveys the word of God, the old Indian trained the youth for his initiation into the wilderness. In this case, the bear symbolized the divinity of the wilderness.

Thus, with the death of both the "priest" and the "divinity", the beginning of the end is in sight. But both the bear and the wilderness remained "eternal" within the boy's mind, and

his dream of the wilderness represented an idyllic retreat from civilization to a place of solitary peace.

In relation to the negro dilemma, the story becomes significantly concerned with Southern morals and racial origins. There seems to pervade in this section the ideology of primitive communism. This suggests the idea that the Indians, Negroes, and Whites should responsibly live together on the land or else the Divinity will put a curse upon those who are irresponsible. From this, the concept of the "Eden image" evolves and the idea that the land is not man's to own but belongs to all God's creatures.

It is here that Isaac McCaslin becomes infinitely distinct from the rest of humanity. From his own rationalization of the guilt which he had inherited from his forefathers, he repudiated the land in order to make restitutions with God and humanity.

At last, the story again shifts to the destruction of the wilderness, and the previous overtones of basically Southern immorality are universally applied to humanity. Consequently, with the exploitation of nature equated to the enslavement of one's fellow man, the only refuge from civilization is the idyllic dream of the wilderness with its communal relationships.

Headline in a local newspaper
"Father of Ten Children Shot—
Mistaken for Rabbit."

KERSHNER'S PHARMACY

Joseph H. Kershner, Ph.G

**PRESCRIPTIONS
BIOLOGICALS
SICK ROOM SUPPLIES**

348-4666

7 N. Main St. Doylestown, Pa.

"Comparisons in Alienation"

by Robert Slate

Man's mere existence poses many extenuating problems not only in relation to man as an entity unto himself but also his association with a larger organic entity called society. In other words, the course one follows in his lifetime depends upon many intricate relationships but primarily upon the idea that one's values, i.e. attitudes, are a product and not a determinant of experience.

And, one can assume this assumption holds true whether a person is fictitious or real. The only possible difference present between the two is the degree of ideality a character's values might be delineated upon, but in relation to the effect of experience, all else is negligible.

Two such fictitious characters who definitely exhibit the assumption that life is determined primarily through experience are Faulkner's Isaac McCaslin and Hemingway's Nick Adams. Both of these characters had their scars from the experience of

Three Bells

H. Karl Zimmerman

Hear the bells, silver
Bells, tinkling like the
twinkling of a now—
twinkling of a new—
Born star, clear and bright.

Hear the bells, golden
Bells, chiming from the
Spire, singing through a
Chinese snow-storm, love.

Hear the bells, iron
Bells, deep voiced knells, sad,
Their sounds following
The black car behind.

Hear the bells, all three
Bells, their notes echo
Through the corridors
Of your mind. Now sleep.

ME

H. Karl Zimmerman

I am but a flower in your
garden,
A small security, ne'er to
harden,
Only to be loved and enjoyed
w'thin;
And then cast forth into the
fleeing wind.

advancement of civilization into the wilderness. From his boyhood experiences in the wilderness, Issac became acutely aware of man's destructive tendencies and acquired the idea that the "eternal wilderness was his idyllic retreat from civilization to a place of solitary peace. And, from his forefathers, he inherited the experience of incest and the guilt which has mounted over the years.

The result is that Isaac totally alienates himself from society and repudiates the land in order to make restitution with God and humanity. His "Eden" image of the wilderness with its primitive and communal relationships is the only refuge from the horror and guilt of his experiences.

The life of Nick Adams is in many ways similar to that of Issac McCaslin's life. Both seemed to be faced with a great deal of confusion and pain while constantly trying to look up to someone or something not bothered by inner uncertainties.

An external view of Nick reveals one that has been indoctrinated in the craft of courage while an internal inspection shows him to be an abnormally sensitive person who is only superficially callous. Nick's emotional life in different generations yet each alienated himself from society.

Considering the life of Isaac McCaslin, one must note the social

order of the Old South and also the sensitivity is readily seen in "The Killers". The situation created by the future gangland killing of an ex-prizefighter produces three distinct responses. The cook doesn't want anything whatsoever to do with it and the counterman, i.e. general society, just thinks it's a hell of a thing. Nick's response is as follows. "I'm going to get out of this town. I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he is going to get it."

This response by Nick is in itself a statement of his alienation with the rest of society. And, it was his contact with life which produced this effect or sickness. In essence, the character of Nick Adams couldn't realistically be representative of anyone's life but he could be considered an embodiment of everyone's conscious and unconscious fears concerning the uncertain future.

Now, in relation to both the characters of Isaac McCaslin and Nick Adams, one must acknowledge the fact that their experiences with life created their basic and guiding attitudes concerning the rest of society. And, just as they self-alienate themselves with mankind they eulogize the fact that man may die a thousand times before his death, but from his wounds he will never recover.

LIFE IS EPHEMERAL

by Brian Rice

The drifting winds roll the waves of field-grass,
Bringing the fragrant odor to one's senses.

You can feel the summer night flow around the body,
Warming, comforting, and blending with laughter to make
A music unequalled by man.

The strands of her hair float behind
To the persistent tugging of the breeze.

An endless happiness goes on within.
It is hard to say why
But love, tonight will be easy to win.

The sounds of a prospering nation go on unnoticed.

The bugs that do death dances around the street lights
Know nothing of what stirs man into the night.

The day gone with its warmth and light

Gives way to a mysterious night.
It is dark.

A world to get lost in,
A world to enjoy,
While it lives its ephemeral life.
A world to weep
As it dies on light's knife.

Nikolai Gogol's

"The Overcoat"

by Walter Kosachuk

During the early part of the 19th century, while riding the crest of literary realism, Russia nourished the fathomless imagination of a remarkable symbolist. Although Nikolai Gogol wrote far less than any other Russian Novelist, this somewhat introverted little man gained himself a place in literary immortality through his efforts to humanize the sometimes tormenting existence of a Czarist peasant. In his famous short story, "The Overcoat", Gogol develops an intricate plot of city-living in the bureaucratic mumbo-jumbo of Mother Russia. True to his trademark of

imaginative description and development of plot Gogol unfolds the drama of Akaky Akakievich, copying clerk in a government office, sometimes funny and sometimes sad, but always human. It is said that Gogol suffered from some form of neurosis and that his writings are manifestations of his psychic disorders. It seems though, that after reading his descriptions of Russian life, it is difficult to conceive of anyone remaining totally intact mentally while having to cope with the herculean task of existence under such oppressive conditions.

Gogol builds his story carefully with each measured plank of description fitting into the puzzle that forms a monument of feeling. The plight of Akaky Akakievich is not the plight of a single human being drawn into the web of political uncertainty, but of an entire nation of such people. It appears that the overcoat of Akaky,

all tattered and saturated with the dust of a generation, symbolises the desperate condition of the Russian people at the time. In his efforts to secure a new overcoat Akaky depicts the struggle of the Russian peasantry against an all powerful aristocracy. Gogol puts forth the theme of simplicity of life by satirizing the bureaucratic system which has become inherently weak and disordered as an overgrown and understaffed system is apt to become when its design fails to meet the needs of the population. Although Akaky's new overcoat is stolen from him and after hapless efforts to regain it fail, Akaky dies in despair, his ghost is free to roam the streets until the overcoat is regained and he is warm again. Gogol here clearly contends that the Russian people will not rest until their hopes are realized. Today history stands as witness to the fundamental truth of Gogol's theme.

FORGOTTEN—(Continued)

Traditionally a tribe's well-being depended on bountiful rains and plentiful wild game, and Indian religions reflected this dependence on nature. Religious ceremonies frequently involved appeals to supernatural beings for rain, a successful hunt, or good crops. But the coming of the white man upset the balance between the Indian way of life and nature. The biggest changes accompanied the surge of white settlers across the continent in the 1950's and 1860's. To solve the Indian problem, the government began to herd the Indian onto reservations. The Indian was thus removed from land desired by the whites and usually placed on worthless land. These reservations were often run by political hacks who profited at the Indians expense. At first, federal policy was to help the Indians re-establish their traditional way of life on these reservations. The government supplied food, clothing, livestock, and farm tools for the Indians, but a reservation could not provide the freedom of the open plains and mountains. Reservation boundaries did not take into account the hunting practices of some tribes, whose pursuit of roving bison herds formerly led them over hundreds of miles, and besides, the bison was disappearing. For the Indian, it was no longer possible to go back to the old life.

One obvious alternative was to give up the old and try the white man's way. Congress tried to encourage this by the Dawes Act of 1887, which split reservations into individual parcels of land, with one parcel going to each Indian. The theory was to break the traditional pattern of tribal ownership of land and make the Indian an industrious farmer. But to the Indian who knew nothing else except the vast open spaces of the western plains and mountains, this seemed like an impossible task. Sometimes the land was not fit for farming or there was no financial aid available to equip them for farming. Faced with these hardships, many Indians sold their land at bargain rates, or were swindled out of it. Cut off from the stable living patterns of the tribe, many Indians succumbed to drunkenness or poverty.

Religion also clashed with the white man. Many religious practices were banned by United States officials despite the fact that the Constitution of the United States

specifically proclaimed freedom of religion. Mr. James Forbes, historian at San Fernando Valley State College in California has stated that "In spite of constitutional provisions relating to religious freedom, the Federal government conducted a 60 year program, from 1870 to 1930, of enforced enculturation that bears comparison with some of the most notorious eras of religious and social totalitarianism in modern history."

It is a paradox that the Indian, the only real American, was not a citizen of the United States until the Indian Citizenship Act was passed in 1924. This bill also permitted the Indian to vote, although it was not until 1948 that he could vote in Arizona and New Mexico. In 1934, the Indian Reorganization Act was passed, in which Congress called for an orderly decrease in federal control and a corresponding increase in self-government and Indian responsibility.

The preceding is history and can not be undone. Let us look at the Indian of today.

Tokio, on the barren plains of South Dakota, is a typical Indian village. Most of the people are Indian, but there are no teepees. Instead, white clapboard houses shudder in the chill wind that whistles through cracks in the wall. These people are descendants of the once mighty Sioux warriors of the Little Big Horn. That is memory. Today the Sioux and other tribes in out-of-the-way corners of 25 other states from Maine to California, now live in peace. Many of these also live in squalor and are among the poorest citizens of the United States. Tokio, with its run-down houses is inhabited by people whose faces reveal no glimmer of hope, only resignation. Employment is almost totally lacking. Even the members of the local tribal council, with the exception of the chairman, are on relief.

Of the nearly 520,000 Indians in this country, 380,000 live on or near reservations. The remainder have left the reservations and adapted to the white man's world. Some are respected businessmen, teachers, and government officials. But for each one who succeeds off the reservation, another fails. Why? One reason is that the non-Indian life is one of conquest over nature as against the Indian way of harmony in nature. Reverence for nature is firmly rooted in Indian history. Another reason for failure is that the Indian is often the object of

discrimination when he leaves the reservation.

A Senate committee reported recently that "Indians remain at the bottom of the economic ladder, have the highest rate of unemployment, live in the poorest housing, and suffer chronic poverty."

Health conditions are frequently deplorable. The death rate of Indian babies is four times as high as that for the rest of the nation. Other shocking facts are that:

- 79% of reservation Indians must haul water from outside wells for household use.
- 75% obtain this water from potentially contaminated sources.
- 77% have inadequate waste facilities, or none at all.
- 90% of reservation housing is considered substandard.
- 7 out of 10 adults are unable to read or write the English language.
- the school drop out rate is 50% compared to the national average of 29%

Some critics charge education programs are inadequate. Federal boarding schools are often hundred of miles from a child's home. Indian children are taught little that would correct the "cowboy and Indian" image of savage redmen spending their entire lives looting and killing. The Indian has much to be proud of — a rich heritage of spoken lore, a warm family circle, and an undeniable courage in the face of powerful enemies.

Today, the federal government provides job training and education for

March

H. Karl Zimmerman

Gray clouds hang,

Still like a dying man.

The birds wing

Their way toward dry shelter,

Brown shadows,

Specks of life.

Trees stretch naked arms,
Heavenward,

In prayer,

The grass, tanned by frost, awaits

Drops of life,

The cold storm.

Wind swings through cracks in barn
walls,

Whispering,

Tales of the Coming.

Indians still on reservations, encourages private industry to locate on or near reservations, and extends anti-poverty programs to reservations. The government also has programs ranging from assistance in finding seasonal employment to on-the-job training for permanent positions. Yet nearly 50% of employable adults on reservations are unemployed.

What does the future hold for the Indian? Congress has indicated that it wants federal supervision of Indian reservations ended as quickly as possible. Many Indians fear that an end of federal supervision may mean the total collapse of Indian society. They also fear the assimilation of the Indian culture into the white man's. One Indian delegation told Congress "We are not white men but Indians. We do not want to become white men but wish to remain Indians."

The most important step that could be taken to solve the Indian problem would be to make the Bureau of Indian Affairs an independent agency, because as long as the Bureau is in the Department of the Interior, its policies will change with every administration and whim of politicians in Washington.

There are not enough Indians to exert the political and economic pressure that the Negro people can bring to bear in their struggle for equality. They have no Martin Luther King or Stokely Carmichael. The solution of the Indian's problems depends upon the integrity of the white man.

In our conquest of space to see which nation will land the first man on the moon or Mars, we seem to have forgotten that there are still people left here on earth that need help.

She: "I'm getting so thin you can feel my ribs."

He: "Gee, thanks."

She: "I caught my boy-friend neck-ing."

Her: "I got mine that way, too."

"How about a Kiss?"

"Sir, I have scruples."

"That's alright, I've been vaccinated."

The difference between freshmen and sophomores is that when a professor enters a freshman class and says, "Good morning," they answer him. When he enters a sophomore class and says, "Good morning," they write it down in their notes.

MOVIE REVIEW

COUNTERPOINT — A symphony orchestra is captured by the Germans in Belgium, and their leader, Charlton Heston, tries to teeth-grit his company of musicians to safety. His captor is the great Maximilian Shell, a connoisseur of music who is torn between his Gestapo representative's desire to kill the prisoners and his love of the art.

When the orchestra discovers two American soldiers among its numbers, abject fear manifests itself in several ways: panic, screaming, crying "We'll all be killed," and general despair. Charlton manages to instill some control into his charges and helps plan the escape of the soldiers.

Anton Diffring as the friendly Gestapo agent finally gets to fulfill his decidedly sadistic desire to kill when the day of escape comes, and those of you with a penchant for World War II movies with a bit of gore and a bit of culture may well find this an enjoyable movie.

THE GRADUATE—Human comedy with sociological implications concerning the fruitful post-graduate experiences of an award-winning scholar-athlete. After graduation from college Ben (Dustin Hoffman) comes home for a well earned vacation only to be seduced by the voluptuous, but well-aged Mrs. Richardson (Anne Bancroft). As the illicit relationship develops Mrs. Richardson's coed daughter (Katharine Ross) arrives on the scene and Ben realizes that age and experience is no substitute for youth and beauty. The drama becomes somewhat tense when Ben's new girl finds out he has been sleeping regularly with her mother. It takes her a while to forgive Ben but in the end poetic justice triumphs as Ben raids the church as she is about to be wed to an unlovable cad and runs off with the bride. He uses a metal crucifix in a rather irreverent manner to stave off any would-be pursuers at the church.

House Mother: "Why didn't you scrape the mud off your shoes when you came in?"

Animal Husbandry Student: "What shoes?"

BONNIE AND CLYDE—"The irrepressible story of two veal-faced wrongos who rode out of Texas during the depression killing and plundering for fun and profit."—Walter Kosachuk. Not only do they rob stores and banks, they shoot and kill or humiliate anyone who bothers them. Bonnie (Faye Dunaway) and Clyde (Warren Beatty) pick up a few helpers on their way, one of whom is a dodo mechanic who parks the getaway car in a parking space, then can't get out until he smashes the other cars out of the way.

They also meet up with another couple, a likeable chap and his wife who is in a constant state of hysteria. Not only is she stupid, her abject cowardice is so pronounced only another moron could fall in love with her, which doesn't say much for her husband.

For those of you with a romantic leaning, Clyde finds himself really to be a man, thanks to the efforts of sensual Bonnie, after a long period of impotence and self doubt.

To satisfy the sadists the movie has a wonderful ending in which Bonnie and Clyde are tricked into a trap, and a bitter fuzz and his helper, armed with two Thompson machine guns, open fire and proceed to empty their 500 round clips into the slightly dead couple. A truly ornate movie with enough variety to appeal to everyone's taste: from antique cars and depression-type dress to action and romance. You will enjoy the movie even if you have to close your eyes during the bloody parts.

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER—Starring Katharine Hepburn and the late Spencer Tracy in a real "tearjerker" with an unusual interracial theme. Sidney Poitier plays a world famous doctor married to very intellectual and lily-white Katharine Houghton. This is definitely not the average mixed marriage so don't expect any of the usual dialogue between the in-laws. The newly-weds are greeted at dinner by her liberal, but rather reluctant, father and overly sentimental mother. One thing is certain though, they have one hell of a family dinner. The whole thing has just a little different twist to the age-old problem of the mixed marriage.

"I'll teach you to make love to my daughter!"

"I wish you would, sir. I'm not making much progress."

A HOUSE BURNING

H. Karl Zimmerman

In the pale cold shelter
Of Morpheus, mauled by the
Hungry Wolf, Dream, be content
And restful. If the roses
In your bed prick your skin
Tender, be still.

Smile upon

Your wife-child, boy, feel
The warmth beneath your hand,
The cool brown hair against
Your face. Remember the fact.
See your children before you!
Their soft young eyes smiling
And pleading both at once;
Like clouds on a hot
Day their images disperse into
Wisps of unreality.

Your brother

Now walks your mind, his
Figure, half-naked with the
hair shaved off and blackened
Around the edges. He accuses
You, boy, smile. Your sister
Now, all-naked, covered with
Scabs, breasts and thighs gashed
By men's teeth, men's hands
And men, boy, smirk. Your
Parents—now double—bent sticks
With branches here and there —
Call them back before they
Leave you again, boy, laugh.

Smell the fumes inside your
House, boy, tonight the
Number will increase by one
The path, hot coals burning
As your mind strolls down
Its frail black feel, feel
The heat, boy, smell the
Burning flesh, yours, boy, smile.

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The Wedding

H. Karl Zimmerman

Faces smiling at me,
Expressions of skulls,
Whispering and grinning,
Up from filth.
I kick and break them,
Intermingling pieces.

The prim little old lady was
obviously embarrassed by the presence
of a man beside her at the drug-
store counter. Finally a smile crossed
her face, she looked the clerk in the
eye, and said perkily: "Two packages
of bathroom stationery, please."

Overheard: "A fresh guy tried to pick
me up on the street yesterday. Boy,
what an apartment he's got."

"Fred, aren't you tired of being a
bachelor?"

"Naw, what's good enough for my
father is good enough for me."

Jack and Jill went up the hill, upon
a moonlight ride.

When Jack came back, his eye was
black . . .

His pal, you see, had lied.

Question: "Dear Miss Dix, I am nine-
teen years old and I stayed out last
night till 4 o'clock. Did I do wrong?"

Answer: "Dear Jane. Try to remem-
ber."

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First He: Was her father surprised
when you said you wanted to
marry her?

Second He: Surprised, why the gun
nearly fell out of his hand.

"Give me a kiss like a good girl."

"Okay, but if I give you one like a
bad girl you will like it better."

"The Elson Hall shower has been
disconnected for a month."

"Why hasn't it been fixed?"

"Nobody's discovered it yet."

Aggie: "Is this ice cream pure?"

Clerk: "Pure as the girl of your
dreams."

Aggie: "Give me a pack of cigarettes."

"What did you say this morning,
Professor?"

"Nothing."

"Of course. But how did you express
it this time?"

Junior: "What does "College bred"
mean, pop?"

Father: "College bread is a four year
loaf made by a youth from the old
man's dough."

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